

Frozen: WHERE'S OLAF?

A Frozen Fanfiction

By Memphis Alvera

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Frozen: Where's Olaf

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Table of Content

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Epilogue](#)

Prologue



The small snowman wandered the grand hallways of the royal castle of Arendelle. His large eyes looked up at the large overarching ceilings through his small flurry cloud and he smiled, his big buck tooth gleaming in the torchlight. Slipping out of the Great Hall, the small snowman wandered through the grounds, waving a happy hello with his slim stick arms to the various guards posted around the grounds of the Arendelle Castle.

Trotting to the stables, the small snowman pushed open the large door and waved at the reindeer shaped figure against the back wall. As he walked through the stables, the horses ignored the brush of cold air as the small snowman waddled by on his snowball legs. The brush of winter in the middle of summer didn't surprise the horses anymore, they had adjusted in the short time that their new queen had been in power.

Humming happily, the small snowman kept moving back towards the darkest part of the stable. He didn't notice the two large men moving behind him, sticking close to the stall doors they moved through the stables. The horses stayed away from their doors, disliking the smell of the strange men in their home. The reindeer shadow moved a little bit, making the small snowman raise his hand in greeting. Seeing a chance, the two men grabbed the small snowman's arms and began running before stopping and staring

down at the tiny sticks in their hands.

“Um, hi,” the small snowman said, waving the right arm up at the men. Surprised, the man almost dropped it. “Can I help you with something? I’m just going to visit my friend. Do you want to come with me?”

The snowman continued to talk at the men as they looked around and spotted an empty carrot sack near the last stall. The man on the left grabbed it and stuffed the still moving stick arms into the bag before moving towards the little snowman.

“What are you doing?” the little snowman asked, looking up at the men. The bag descended down and the little snowman found himself in darkness. “Hey! What are you doing?”

The men ignored the little snowman’s protests and looked at the cloud floating over the bag.

“What are we supposed to do with that?” the smaller man on the right groaned.

“I dunno. See if you can fit it in the bag with the snowman,” the tall and bulky man replied.

“You can’t grab a cloud.”

“Well, I’m not carrying a bag with a magical cloud over it. It’s the middle of summer and my hand is already freezing.” The man lifted the bag with the still blabbering snowman to show the falling snow still falling on his wet hand.

“Fine. I’ll try to shove the cloud into the stupid bag.” The shorter man pulled the taller man’s arm down and began trying to shove the cloud into the bag as the snowman’s head began attempting to poke out. “It’s not going in! It’s not going to work! Just wear a pair of gloves! You’re a thief aren’t you?!”

“I don’t wear gloves in the middle of summer!” The taller man protested.

“Well, whose fault is that? You were hired to steal something valuable. This is the something valuable! Now let’s get going before the reindeer and the guy actually come back from that fool’s errand we sent them on!” The smaller man hissed, starting to do a quick trot towards the back of

the stables.

“I wasn’t told I was going to be stealing something alive!” the taller man grumbled as he followed in the shorter man’s footsteps.

“Well I wasn’t told I was going to be stolen!” the small snowman said in the bag.



Chapter 1

Kristoff sighed as he looked over at Sven.

“Any luck buddy?” he asked. Sven snorted at him in response. “I didn’t think so.”

The pair continued up the hill silently side by side.

“Have you ever heard of a pink daffodil?” Sven snorted again. “Yeah. I didn’t think so. Should we head back and see if we can find Anna and ask her what we’re supposed to be looking for?” Sven snorted and nodded his head. Sighing, Kristoff turned around and began plodding back down the hill towards the castle.

“Why would she send me on such a silly errand Sven? I mean, I’m more than happy to do things for her, but a pink daffodil? I’ve never heard of such a silly thing and she’s never wanted flowers before . . . always chocolates and sandwiches.” Sven simply looked over at Kristoff and huffed periodically in response to Kristoff’s questions. “And why’d she send those two weird guys to send me on something like this? I mean, she usually sends me herself to get chocolates and stuff like that. Plus those two guys were so pushy about it. They wouldn’t even let me double check anything with her . . . Do you think they were trying to get rid of us?”

Sven and Kristoff froze and looked at each other before bolting down the hill.

The gate guards paused and looked at the man and reindeer thundering down the hill towards them. Sighing, they opened the main ornate gates and moved aside as the duo clattered into the courtyard towards the beast, Kristoff following far behind Sven as the reindeer plowed in. Shaking their heads, the guards closed the big gates behind the pair and resumed their duty, knowing that they’d learn whatever Kristoff and Sven had been up to soon enough when it came pounding up to their gates. Last time the pair had angered a bear enough to have it chase them all the way to the castle on their way back from visiting the trolls, not that most of the guards really believed in the trolls.

Sven pounded up to the carved wooden doors with his horns as Kristoff ran up behind him. The butler opened the door as Kristoff ran up and

followed Sven in through the door. The butler slammed the door behind the pair as they charged in, Sven bellowing at the top of his lungs in the middle of the entry hall as he slid to a halt.

Elsa emerged from the throne room, her head swept up and her eyes calm as she took in the bellowing Sven as Kristoff gasped for air while leaning on Sven's flank. Ice began to slowly creep across the floor towards Sven as the bellowing continued from the reindeer as he ignored the approaching danger.

"Sven! What are you doing?!" Anna's voice cut across the hall from the balcony above. She looked down at the lower floor and at the gathering crowd. Sven froze at the sound of Anna's voice and looked up at her. Kristoff slid to the floor and gasped for air.

"Kristoff, please explain to me what exactly is going on," Elsa said, looking at Sven as he shrank down a little bit.

"Men . . . Message from Anna . . . sent up to the mountains . . . thought she was kidnapped . . . Where's Olaf?" Kristoff sat up at the last thought.

"Kristoff, calm down and tell me exactly what happened," Elsa commanded, moving towards the pair as Anna swept down the stairs.

"Water sir?" the butler appeared with a glass of water that Kristoff quickly gulped down before standing up and moving towards the barn as he leaned on Sven.

"Thank you," Kristoff said.

"Kristoff. Tell me what happened," Anna said, blocking his way.



“I was in the barn with Sven and then these two men appeared, telling me that Anna really wanted this pink daffodil. I kept saying that if Anna wanted anything, she would’ve talked to me about it, but they were insistent that finding this particular flower was something that you wanted and wanted immediately. So I went off to find it, but I realized that the flower didn’t exist and I thought about how pressing they were about wanting me gone, so I thought they may have wanted something to do with Anna. But then I remembered that I was waiting for Olaf in the barn. Has anybody seen Olaf?” Kristoff said.

Elsa looked over at Anna before answering slowly, “He was with me in the throne room while I did some work, but then he went off to see Anna about something.”

“I saw him a while ago, but I haven’t seen him in a while either . . . Kristoff, when did you see these men?” Anna asked.

“Maybe an hour ago?”

“Let’s go see if he’s waiting for you in the stables then Kristoff,” Elsa said, sweeping past everyone as she moved through the door. As she passed by, guards bowed, which she acknowledged with a short nod before continuing onwards. The group hurried to follow her as they moved through the grand courtyard and into the stables. “Where were you supposed to meet

him?”



“Sven’s stall, at the back of the stable,” Kristoff gasped, struggling to keep up with Elsa as she moved through the stables. The horses moved to the front of their stalls, their ears pricked forward with curiosity at the Queen. The group arrived at an empty stall.

“He’s not here,” Anna said, her voice small.

“Kristoff, does your reindeer smell things?” Elsa asked.

“He smells carrots. And his name is Sven,” Kristoff replied frowning.

“Well then, go with Sven and look for Olaf. Olaf does have a carrot nose,” Elsa said. The group spread out throughout the stables and began to search. They didn’t leave any part of the stable unturned, anxious to find their missing friend. An hour later, they met again at the back of the stables.

“Any luck?” Elsa asked.

“No. not with me,” Anna replied, her eyebrows drawn together with worry.

“I didn’t have any luck either, although Sven wouldn’t leave this wet

spot in the stable alone, he kept pawing at it for some reason,” Kristoff said.

“Wait, I saw a wet trail heading out the back door of the stables . . .” Anna said. The three of them looked at each other and then moved towards the spot where Sven was still standing, staring at the ground.

“Sven,” Kristoff said, “can you follow the trail?”

Sven took off like a rocket, following the smell of carrots that had dribbled through the dampened bag as the men had stood, arguing over attempting to shove a cloud into a bag. He followed the scent of the carrot bag through the back door of the stable and towards the opened back gate of the castle.

“Hold on Sven!” Kristoff called making the reindeer freeze in his tracks. “Elsa, Anna, you should stay here, I don’t know what people could possibly want with Olaf, but I’m worried that they may want you too.”

“That seems like a reasonable fear, Kristoff,” Elsa said slowly.

“I’m not leaving Olaf with whomever those people are Elsa! I’m going with Kristoff to find him!” Anna said. “I don’t care about the danger, I want to help and find my friend.”

“I know Anna, but think of the danger –“

“I’m not staying here Elsa! I’m going to get Olaf!” Anna said, staring down her sister.

“Fine, but you’re going in disguise then. Go and get a cloak or something. You’re not going out as a princess and we can’t have you being recognized at all, especially if these men did take Olaf to lure one of us out,” Elsa responded after a moment’s pause. Anna raced to the castle, eager to get going. Elsa turned to Kristoff, “There won’t be any guards with you so please make sure that Anna is well hidden. Stay away from people and make sure that nothing happens to her. I cannot have anything happen to her.”

“I understand,” Kristoff said.

Chapter 2

Anna and Kristoff followed Sven as he moved farther into the mountain valley, tracking the drippings from the bag that had once been filled with carrots. The drops got farther and farther apart and Sven began to lose track of the smell. Sven finally gave up and sat down with a huff, frustrated that he had lost the scent.

“I think they had horses around here somewhere,” Anna said as she scratched Sven between the horns, trying to perk him up. It would explain why the drips started getting further apart. I wish we’d had rain lately . . . it would make finding the men so much easier.”

“Having rain would really help, but I wish that Olaf’s little flurry would make more of a snow trail for us to follow,” Kristoff replied. The pair sighed and continued to pet Sven as the reindeer hung his head. “I wonder how strong Elsa’s magic is . . . if he gets too far out of range-“

“Don’t even think about it Kristoff. I don’t want to think about it. He’s my friend, and he’s your friend too!” Anna said, hugging Sven.

“I’m sorry,” Kristoff said. “Come on, let’s go find the Trolls, maybe they’ll be able to help us find Olaf.”

“Can we go make sure that Elsa doesn’t have any more news for us? Please?” Anna asked.

“We have to go and talk to Elsa, the castle is on our way to go and see the trolls, I’m hoping she’ll have some more news for us,” Kristoff replied, giving Sven a carrot he had hidden deep inside his boots.

“Do you think the trolls will think we’re getting married again?” Anna asked as she rested her hand in the crook of Kristoff’s arm as they turned to walk back towards the castle as the sun began to set in front of them.

“No luck, I take it,” Elsa asked as she saw the group trudged back towards the gate.

“No . . . We lost them. I think they got on horses and escaped that way. Do you have any developments?” Anna asked, throwing her arms around Elsa in a tight hug.

“No. Nothing came while you were gone,” Elsa said, gently holding Anna.

“Elsa, I have to ask –“ Kristoff began.

“Kristoff, no. Don’t.” Anna said, releasing her sister.

“Anna, it has to be asked,” Kristoff said.

“Kristoff –“

“Anna, let him ask,” Elsa said, cutting Anna off.

“How far does your magic stretch?” Kristoff asked, focusing on scratching Sven’s ears.

“I don’t know Kristoff. It’s part of why I’m so worried,” Elsa responded. “I also tried seeing if I could track him, but the magic that’s with him isn’t strong enough for me to really pin down where he is. I know that Olaf is in Arendelle, but where specifically? I couldn’t tell you.”

“I’m thinking about trying the trolls and seeing if they can help at all,” Kristoff said.

“If you think they’ll help,” Elsa said, “I don’t want them to feel as though we’re taking advantage of them.”

“I think they will,” Anna cut in.

“Come on then, let’s get going,” Kristoff said, “I’m getting more worried about where Olaf got to . . . or who took him.”

“Anna, you’re going to stay here this time,” Elsa said, catching Anna’s arm as she tried to move past Elsa into the castle.

“No. I’m going to find Olaf.”

“Anna. You’re staying here.”

“Elsa, it’s only fair that I go as a royal representative of the family in order to retrieve a family friend. If I go with them, then they may be able to help even more!” Anna protested.

“Anna, you need to stay here, even though you don’t want to. We still don’t know what these people want. And if they’re just going to lure you out from a place where I can’t save you . . .” Elsa let her voice fade out.

“Elsa, I’ll be fine. Kristoff and Sven will protect me. They’ve done it

before and I know they'll do it again. Please, Elsa, Olaf is one of my best friends. I need to find him," Anna begged.

"My lady, there's a visitor for you in the entry hall. He said that he had something that you wanted," a soldier announced as he came upon the group.

"Everybody, inside, I'll meet with him and see what our visitor wants. Did our visitor have a name sir?" Elsa asked, drawing herself up.

"The Duke of Weselton."

"I see. Please stay and watch this gate. Don't let anybody in or out. Keep people inside the castle for tonight." Elsa drew herself up, her eyes becoming icy cold as the air around her dropped in temperature in the warm winter night. Everybody moved away from Elsa slightly as she swept to the front of the group and moved back towards the castle. Everything seemed to back away from her as they moved through the grounds. Dogs that would normally jump up and down with excitement at someone in the group backed away and cowered in fear.

"You're Royal Highness," the creaky, familiar voice of the Duke of Weselton echoed through the hall as Elsa led the group into the entry hall. "I do believe I have something of value for you."

"I do believe I cut off trade with your nation sir," Elsa responded, her voice frigid.

"I just wanted to make sure that you knew that I had something of value of yours. A little snowman?" the Duke said, as Kristoff grabbed Anna's arm before she could jump him.

"Sir, why exactly are you here?"

"I told you, I know where a little snowman of yours is. I thought you'd like to know where he went to."

"Get out of my castle and my country."

"But isn't the snowman your friend?"

"Whether or not he is my friend, I don't need you here blackmailing me for information on how to get him back. We can get him without your help. Now, get out of my castle and out of my country," Elsa's voice remained frigidly cold as she spoke to the Duke. The temperature around her

continued to drop as she continued to insist on the Duke's departure.

"I only want a measly thousand pounds."



"Get. Out. Of. My. Home," Elsa responded.

"I only wanted to help," the Duke responded, his voice false and sugary sweet as he left the entry hall. Anna sneered after him as closed the door behind himself.

"I don't like him," Anna stated. Sven snorted in agreement.

"Kristoff, go to the trolls please. See if they can tell us where Olaf is. If they don't, then we'll have to figure out something new," Elsa said, still staring after the Duke.

"I'm on my way," Kristoff replied, walking towards the door with Sven close behind him.

"I'm going with you. Elsa, you have to let me go," Anna said, following behind Sven.

"Stay in disguise and let Kristoff do the talking," Elsa replied as the

door closed behind the trio.

Chapter 3

“Kristoff’s home!” a small, squeaky voice yelled out at the top of their lungs.

“Yay! Kristoff!” the trolls swarmed out of the large stones that made up their homes and towards the group before pausing and staring at Anna before whispering began to spread throughout the entire group.



“He brought the lady back!”

“The lady with the frozen heart came back!”

“I thought she was engaged!”

“What’s Kristoff doing back with her?”

“Are we supposed to fix her up this time?”

“Are we actually going to get to hold a wedding this time?!”

“Um . . . Hi everyone,” Anna said, waving hello to the large group of small trolls before they swept the pair up and hurried towards the largest stone in the middle of the stone piles. Sven snorted and trudged behind the

group, taking his sweet time as he paused to grab bites of grass growing next to the large rocks before continuing on his amble to the rest of the group.

“Anna, how lovely to see you again,” the oldest troll, the Grand Pabbie, said as he rolled up to the tallest rock, making him eye level with Anna. “Kristoff, why don’t you come home more often? Everybody misses you.”

“I come home at least once a season!” Kristoff protested as he was dumped unceremoniously on the ground.

“That’s not enough!” a troll yelled out from the crowd.

“I take it you’re not here for a seasonal visit then Kristoff, especially since we have such a royal visitor in our midst. How’s your new marriage going?” the Troll King asked Anna as she curtsied to him.

“It didn’t happen, your majesty. Hans only wanted me for Arendelle . . .” Anna said, looking away.

“I am sorry to hear that, but I am happy he was removed from your life before too much damage was done to you or your homeland. I know you’re surrounded by people who will help your heart to recover,” the King said before turning his head back to Kristoff. “Now, my boy, what can I do for you?”

“It seems as though Olaf, one of our friends, has gone missing. We think he was kidnapped and we were hoping that you could help us track him down,” Anna said, breaking as Kristoff opened up his mouth to answer the Grand Pabbie.

“I see . . . Were you hoping that I could give you a hint as to where to find Olaf?”

“Yes,” Anna responded, “we didn’t know who else to turn to.”

“I’m not sure how much I can help you, my dear. Olaf is not a human or a troll, he is something of magic, and the only magic I can use is to heal. Other than that, all I can offer is guidance for you and Kristoff on where to look,” the Grand Pabbie said. Anna’s face began to fall the more the Troll King spoke, her hopes slowly being dashed.

“Then what advice can you offer us, Pabbie?” Kristoff asked.

“Have you looked to the mountains recently?”

“The tracks led away from the mountains, though,” Kristoff said.

“Why shouldn’t they have doubled back? You told me that Elsa had created a castle of ice in the mountains, why wouldn’t they go to a place where there’s still shelter? Even in the height of summer, the mountains are cold and icy,” the Grand Pabbie responded.

“We should go look, Kristoff, it’s the least we can do for Olaf. He’s our friend and I don’t want anything to happen to him,” Anna said, turning to Kristoff.

“We’ll have to return to the castle, we don’t have the proper clothes and we’ll freeze,” Kristoff replied.

“That’s no worries, my boy,” the Grand Pabbie said. “Go and find your friend. I’m sure he misses you.”

The trolls jumped on the pair and in no time at all had bundled them up so much that they could barely move with all the furs and heavy clothes that covered them. Anna and Kristoff peeled off some of the layers, begging for freedom of movement in order to move safely through the mountains’ steep passes on their way to Elsa’s castle.

“Thank you so much for your help Pabbie,” Kristoff said as they prepared to leave.

“It was my pleasure Kristoff, but please, do come visit more often. And that includes you too Sven,” the Troll King said as he trundled back into his burrow as the sky brightened over the group, hinting at the approaching sunrise.

“As you wish, Grand Pabbie,” Kristoff said with a bow. Sven snorted and bowed his head until his antlers scraped the ground.

“I hope to see you soon your majesty,” Anna called after him.

“Come back and tell us the story when you find him, Anna,” the Troll King responded from his home, eager for a long rest.

The trio, now alone, departed the empty circles of stones as the sun began to peak out over the horizon. Their goal rose far above them, the ice castle gleaming in the distance in the rising sun.

“Is there any way to make that snowman shut up?” the taller man asked, gently beating his head into the icy wall.

“No,” the shorter man responded as he sat on a blanket on the stairs.

“Are you sure?” the taller man said, resting his head on the wall.

“We tried gagging him and he just talked around that. And we can’t afford to take his head off of his body because we just don’t know what will happen,” the shorter man grunted as he stood up.

“We’re in the mountains. It has yet to get above freezing. I don’t think the snowman will die,” the taller man said, huffing with frustration.

“It’s not a matter of him dying, we were instructed to keep every part of it intact. That includes his little snow cloud,” the shorter man said, pacing at the bottom of the stairs to keep himself from getting too cold. “I want to get paid for this job and we won’t get paid if the little thing is dead or not in one piece.”

“My hand still hasn’t recovered from carrying the bag up here.” The pair stopped and listened. Olaf’s voice carried through the icy hallways and down to their ears on the floor below. “Does that thing even need to sleep?”

“Oh, just be quiet and let it go. Once our boss gets out of here, we just need to get out of Arendelle and we’re good. They won’t have any proof that it was us who did anything,” the shorter man said, stretching out a little bit as he moved towards the stairwell that the taller man had just come down.

“They have a team out trying to find us,” the Duke entered the room, wrapped in heavy furs and calm. “You have to take the fall.”

“Why should we take the fall for a job that you hired us to do?” the shorter man asked.

“Because I’m willing to triple your pay. The worst that will happen is that you’ll get in trouble for kidnapping. I’ll provide the lawyers, and what exactly are they going to charge you with? Kidnapping a magical thing? We can keep it tied up in the courts for years!” the Duke said, shuffling his feet as the shattered ice crackled under his feet as he moved across the hall towards the pair.

“What good will the money do us if we’re in jail?” the shorter man asked. “If I’m going to get hired for a job, then I want to be able to enjoy the money that I earned for it.”

“And you will-“

“Years after you messed everything up? Let me guess, you couldn’t find someone new to play the new Duke? How does it feel to be a nobleman stripped of a title?” the shorter man said, his ruddy face getting redder as he moved across the entry hall.

“I am merely temporarily relieved of power. You are nothing to me. If you want to keep questioning me, then you will not receive the rest of the money that you’re owed,” the Duke hissed, his mustache bristling. “I will personally make sure that the sorceress learned that you two were the ones to actually take her darling snowman.”

“Then do it!” the taller man grunted from the back stairwell. The Duke froze before drawing himself up and snapping his fingers.

“Very well then. I will send one of my men to do it,” the Duke smiled as he waited for his two bodyguards to appear on either side of him like they usually did. No one appeared this time. Frowning the Duke snapped his fingers again. “I will send one of my men to do it.”

“Ha! Just like your kingdom, your men have deserted you!” the shorter man said, laughing at the older man as he frowned at his hand. A roar outside muted the man’s laughter.

“What was that?” the taller man asked, his voice hushed.

“I don’t know! There shouldn’t be anyone or anything out here!” the Duke whispered back, running across the hallway, leaving the short man to stare at the door which was left slightly open by the Duke when he’d come in.

Big footsteps began to shake the fragile castle of ice as the men began to run up the stairs and see what was coming in from above through the massive hole in the ceiling that showed the next chamber up. They reached it just in time to see the large hulking shadow of a massive, thick, misshapen figure move through the entry hall and down another hallway away from their hiding place.

“What was that?” the tall man asked, his eyes wide.

Chapter 4

“Are we there yet?” Anna asked, trudging through massive snow drifts that lined the path that led up to the mountains. Sven, at the front of the line, snorted.

“Sven says no,” Kristoff grunted, following behind Anna as they walked single file up the mountain path. “It looks as though someone’s been up here before us. The snow seems to already be half packed down on the trail.”

“Well, there is only one way up and down the mountain,” Anna said. “Maybe it’s from our last visit up to the castle . . .”

“Maybe . . .” the doubt was clear in Kristoff’s voice as he followed Anna up the trail. At the front of the party, Sven snorted and stopped in his tracks.

“What is it, Sven?” Kristoff asked, scrambling not to run into Anna from behind as she stopped, able to see what Sven could.

“There are two men stuck in the pine trees up here!” Anna said, her voice surprised. “I think they’re the Duke’s bodyguards!”

“I don’t know that I’m all that surprised. The Duke did try to get money to tell us about where to find Olaf. You had to know he was mixed up in this somehow, right?” Kristoff said, staring up into the trees.

“Do you think they’re alright?” Anna asked.

“Well, I can see the breath coming out of them, so they seem to be alright . . . just stuck in a tree,” Kristoff responded.

“You should go up and check,” Kristoff said, pretending to be Sven.

“If you insist. I think they’re fine,” Kristoff responded, as himself. Anna just ignored Kristoff and Sven, used to their behavior with each other.

“You should check,” Sven replied, being voiced by Kristoff.

“Ugh . . . Fine.” Kristoff began to climb up the tree.

“Be careful!” Anna called up to him. Kristoff’s foot slipped at her voice and he gripped the tree tightly before continuing up.

“I’m trying to!” Kristoff called down as he reached the first bodyguard. Very gingerly, Kristoff began to move across the tree branch, testing each step before putting his full weight on the next step out on the branch. He quickly checked over the man and found nothing visibly wrong with the man. “He’s fine!”



“And the other one?”

Anna asked.

“I’m working on it!” Kristoff scooted back to the tree trunk and began moving his way around the tree in order to reach the other man. The other man was also okay, and Kristoff began making his way down the tree. “Both of them are fine. Let’s keep going. We know the Duke is around here somewhere, the only question is where.”

“Elsa’s castle,” Anna said. “Come on, it’s at the top of this mountain. I hope Marshmallow hasn’t found him.”



“Well, if Marshmallow finds Olaf, then I think Olaf will be fine. Those two men though? Not so much,” Kristoff responded.

“I’ve got no idea what that thing was,” the Duke muttered to the two men on either side of him, making sure that they were in front of him as they moved down the hallway. “I was told that this place was completely empty.”

“Well clearly, it isn’t. That witch must have created something else when she came up here. It has to be a monster,” the taller man responded.

“Shut up Ben,” the shorter man responded. “Maybe the witch doesn’t even know that she created it. It shouldn’t be up here, to begin with. Maybe it’s just a person that likes to be alone. This is a nice castle, after all.”

“A simple man wouldn’t be able to simply get rid of my bodyguards. They’re the best-trained men that I know and could have found,” the Duke responded in a whisper.

“Well they failed at killing the queen, didn’t they?” the shorter man inquired. The Duke didn’t respond as the group moved down the hallway away from the monster that they’d seen.

“Marshmallow was definitely here,” Anna said. “Look at the ice shards everywhere.”

Kristoff nodded quietly and pushed the door open. Sven bolted past him and into the main entry hall. A single carrot lay in the middle of the floor. Picking it up gently, Sven then ran towards the stairs and scrambled up them, his hooves clattering on the icy steps. Slipping, Sven managed to make it up the stairs as Anna and Kristoff slowly made their way across the entry hall, trying not to step on the shards of ice that were scattered across the floor.

“Hi, Kristoff! Hi, Anna!” Olaf yelled from above, smiling down at them with his big buck-toothed smile.

“Olaf! I’m so happy to see you!” Anna yelled back. “What happened?!”

“Well, I’m not exactly sure. I was going to meet Kristoff and Sven in the stables for our usual ‘guy time’ as Kristoff likes to call it, and then next thing I knew, there were these two guys waiting for me and I was put into a bag and next thing I knew, I was here after being in the bag for the really long time. I haven’t seen Marshmallow around, I hope he’s okay! Have you seen my nose around? I threw it down in hopes of someone picking it up, did someone find it?” Olaf asked, waving down at the pair of them.

“Um yeah, I think Sven is bringing it up to you,” Kristoff said. Sven crashed into Olaf and sent him over the edge of the second floor. Laughing, Olaf tumbled over the edge of the balcony and landed on the floor without falling to pieces.



“That was fun!” Olaf said as he stood up, making sure that he was all together. “I want to do it again! Wait . . . Sven still has my nose!”

Sven spits the carrot out and it landed backward in Olaf’s face. Laughing, Olaf pulled his nose out and put it back on his face in the proper way.

“We should go and get Sven,” Kristoff said. “Oh wait, no . . . here he comes.”

Sven came slipping down the stairs, his hooves flying everywhere as he tried to keep his balance on the icy stairs. His tongue lolling out of his mouth as he slid down, incredibly happy with himself. He plowed into Kristoff, who was trying to catch Sven, and knocked him down. Laughing, Kristoff pushed Sven off of himself and stood up.

“Help! Help!” the Duke came running out of the stairwell, followed closely by the two men. “There’s a monster in here!”

“Oh, Marshmallow? Yeah, he doesn’t like strangers,” Anna said, her

voice cold.

“That thing has a name?” the shorter man asked.

“Yes. His name is Marshmallow. He’s very nice, once you get to know him,” Kristoff said, pushing Olaf behind him.

“Did that witch create him?” the shorter man asked.

“That ‘witch’ as you’re calling her, is my sister, the Queen of Arendelle. I would suggest that you call her as such,” Anna said, her voice icy. “And yes, she did create Marshmallow. He’s very sweet and enjoys being left alone. I would highly suggest that you do that from now on.”

“Take me with you,” the Duke said, his voice desperate.

“Only if you immediately leave Arendelle and swear to never, ever come back. That would include your two friends standing behind you,” Anna said. There was a loud roar behind the men, who flinched.

“Oh hi, Marshmallow! It’s lovely to see you again, have you enjoyed being up here?” Olaf yelled at the approaching snowman. The ground shook underneath the group as Marshmallow drew closer before coming into sight, his thick snowy body and icy joints terrifying the men in front of him. Ice shards grew out of his shoulders and hands as a light red tint began to fill his eyes. A small snow tiara sat on his giant head, giving a slightly innocent and comedic look to the giant, icy snowman. Marshmallow roared in response to Olaf’s question.

“Oh, that is so good to hear. Elsa says hi, and she’s sorry she hasn’t been up to see you lately, apparently being a queen is taking up so much of her time! She’s hoping to come up next week to see you!” Olaf kept chattering away as Marshmallow roared at the men who had intruded on his privacy.

“I swear I will never, ever come back to this place,” the Duke said. “I never want to see Arendelle ever again.”

“I swear it,” the smaller man said, followed shortly by the taller man.

“Marshmallow, we’re going to be taking these three men away with us. Please don’t get any angrier,” Anna said. Marshmallow huffed at the group. “Would you like to come with us to make sure that they go away?”

Marshmallow nodded and quieted down.

“Okay, everybody up, let’s get going!” Kristoff said. “Come on Olaf, let’s get you on Sven so that you two can catch up.”

Without a second thought, Kristoff picked up Olaf and placed him on Sven’s back. The reindeer twisted his head around and stuck it in Olaf’s flurry cloud, picking up a couple of snowflakes with his tongue before leading the group out of the castle and down the now heavily traveled trail. The two thieves and the Duke came next, the Duke making sure that he was in the middle of the group, far away from Sven’s horns and Marshmallow, who followed Anna and Kristoff as they walked side by side down the trail. When they reached the tree when the two now very awake bodyguards were hanging, the two thieves climbed up and helped them down. Now completely terrified of Marshmallow, they pushed the Duke to the front of the group and separated him from Sven and Olaf, who they had no interest in or fear of.

When they reached the bottom of the mountain, Marshmallow turned back towards his solitary castle, seeming to be a lot happier as his icy armor melted away on his arms and shoulders. The Duke and all of his men crossed the border into Weselton, almost refusing to look back as Olaf waved and yelled goodbye to them furiously.

Elsa received them all at home quite happily and make sure to visit Marshmallow on a more regular basis, making sure that Kristoff went home to see his troll family on a more regular basis as well.

“I don’t know! There shouldn’t be anyone or anything out here!” the Duke whispered back, running across the hallway, leaving the short man to stare at the door which was left slightly open by the Duke when he’d come in.

Big footsteps began to shake the fragile castle of ice as the men began to run up the stairs and see what was coming in from above through the massive hole in the ceiling that showed the next chamber up. They reached it just in time to see the large hulking shadow of a massive, thick, misshapen figure move through the entry hall and down another hallway away from their hiding place.

“What was that?” the tall man asked, his eyes wide.

Epilogue

“What do you mean you didn’t get the little snowman?” Hans asked the Duke, who shrank down in his chair a little bit. “Without that snowman, we have no way to really prove how strong the girl’s powers really are. If he survived the trip to the Southern Isles, then we know that the little snowman means that Elsa’s powers are getting stronger, making her a big threat to both of our homelands. Without being able to prove that, then we don’t have a case to justify declaring war from both of our countries. It won’t make you a hero to your nation or prove the claims that you’ve always made about how dangerous Elsa is.”

“She’s not as dangerous as I once thought, though-“ The Duke began to protest.

“Oh, so you’re going back on what you once said about her?”

“I’m not saying that sorcery isn’t dangerous, but Elsa seems to have a good head on her shoulders and –“

“Oh, so now you’re saying that she’s an exception to your rule and that we should never listen to what you have to say?”

“What? That’s not what I’m saying at all!” The Duke continued to try and protest against Hans’ continuously more brutal assault on the words that he had once used to describe Elsa and Anna.

“Do you want to be a hero in your Weselton?” Hans finally asked the Duke.

“... Yes?” the Duke responded, uncertain.

“If you want to actually be a hero, then you’re going to have to do what I say, won’t you?”

“I’m not going to go back to Arendelle. I swore that I wouldn’t, and I stick to my word as a nobleman should,” the Duke responded.

“Are you trying to hurt me? Because it won’t work. Right now, in Weselton, you are nothing. And clearly, you want to be something. Stick by me, and you’ll become something once again if you don’t mess up like you did last time,” Hans said, his voice quiet and calm. Miserable, the Duke nodded his head in agreement with Hans. “Good Duke.”